Eng. Poetry vol 12.

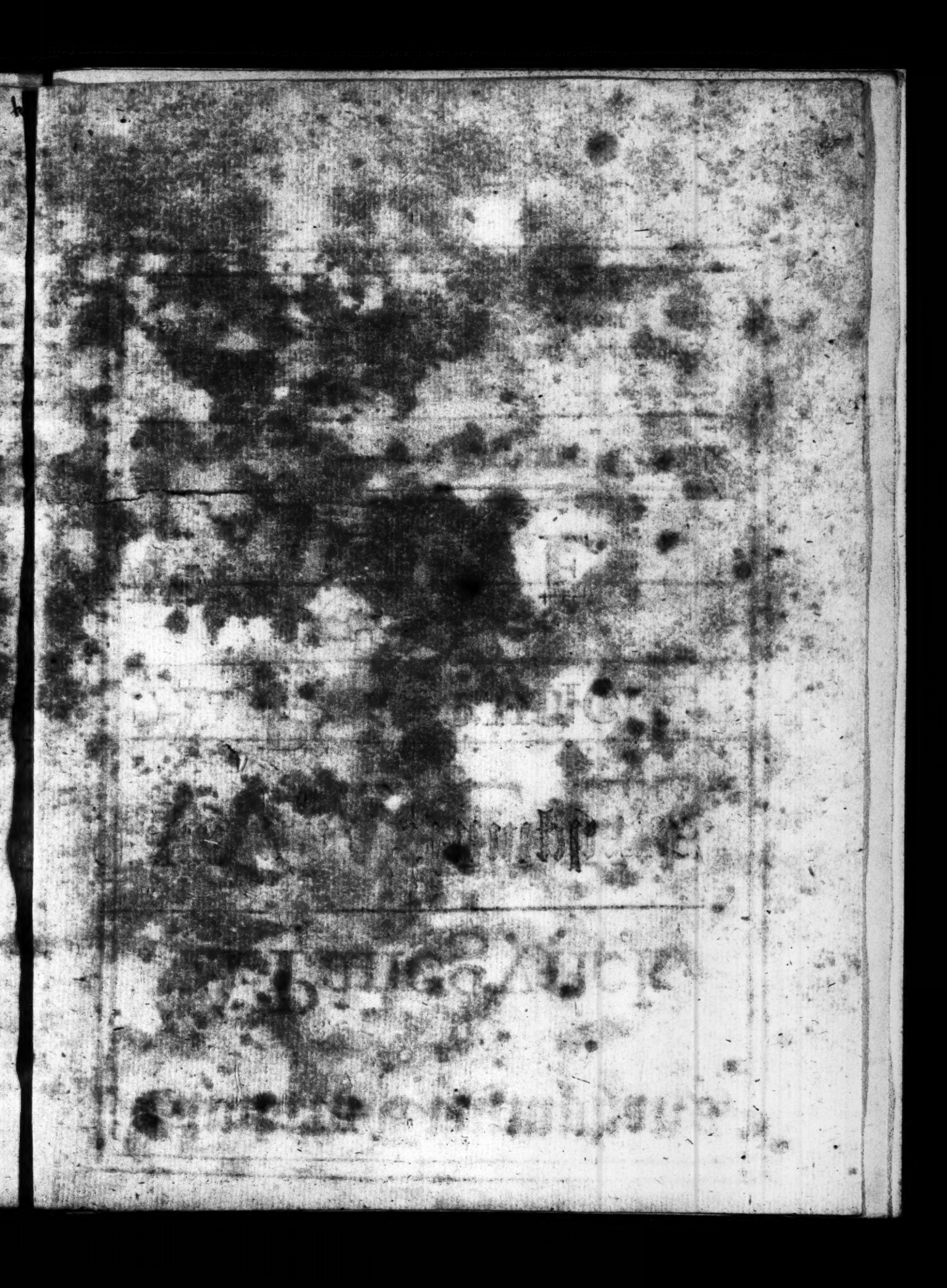
Cambria Triumphans,

OR,

A Panegyrick

UPON

WALES.



Cambria Triumphans,

OR,

A Panegyrick

UPON

WALES.

A Pindarick POEM.

The 2d Edition.

By Ezekiel Polsted, Gent.

——— Experto Credite.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by *J. Mayos*, at the *Printing-Press*, over against *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-street*; and *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1702. 9 Decemb

To the much Honoured

Philip Riley, Esq;

One of Her Majesties Commissioners of

EXCISE, &c.

SIR, The general part of Mankind, not only ner'e *Satisfy the Obligation*, but *Forget the Condition*: The *First* (*Sir*) I confess impossible, and for that reason can only *Acknowledge the Debt*. But can never be guilty of the *Last*, and therefore am proud of the following Scrible, if it was only because it *Publishes the Declaration*: Acknowledgment then, being all that I am capable off, these *Horæ Subsercivæ* prostrate themselves, and Petition that Forgiveness, which I had not the Front to ask: I must confess, my not begging a Lycence Enhances the Summ, and I do therefore Pray an *Indempnity*, for thus tormenting You; Let then your Favours cease, if you Value your repose; for

you

To the much Honoured

Philip Riley, Esq;

One of Her Majesties Commissioners of

EXCISE, &c.

SIR, The general part of Mankind, not only ner'e *Satisfy the Obligation*, but *Forget the Condition*: The *First* (*Sir*) I confess impossible, and for that reason can only *Acknowledge the Debt*. But can never be guilty of the *Last*, and therefore am proud of the following Scrible, if it was only because it *Publishes the Declaration*: Acknowledgment then, being all that I am capable off, these *Horæ Subsecivæ* prostrate themselves, and Petition that Forgiveness, which I had not the Front to ask: I must confess, my not begging a Lycence Enhances the Summ, and I do therefore Pray an *Indempnity*, for thus tormenting You; Let then your Favours cease, if you Value your repose; for

you

you will be Eternally Haunted, for being generous; and Persecuted for being Favourable.

Sir, I shall not pursue the servile Path, in a fulsome *Eucomium*; by Robbing the Classicks, for Sentences, or Nature for Similes, to support that which is *Perspicious ev'n to Demonstration*. It's unpardonable as well as absur'd, to hold a Taper to *Apollo*; and as equally ridiculous, to Proclaim his Splendor, which is visible to all, but the *Obscure Off-Spring of Poliphemus*, who grope in the gloomy *Fogg of Night and Ignorance*.

I have done, (*Sir*,) if you Pardon me, for having,

Mr. Oldham, *before me*,

My Grateful Throughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in a Croud;
To you with hasty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the Dress of words will stay;
And now such hast to tell their Message make,
They only Stammer what they meant to speak.

I am (*Honour'd Sir*)

Your most humble Servant,

Ezekiel Polsted.

To the READER.

THE *World being now* Full-Ag'd, *we muſt give* One Reaſon, *at leaſt, for every thing we doe; And that I may inſinuate into her Favour, I will produce* Above twice the Number.

The Firſt *was then, to Demonſtrate my* Particular Gratitude, *expreſſed in the Dedication; The* Second, *to Publiſh my* Gratitude in General, *to that* Principality, *whoſe Civilities were multiplyed,* not only beyond all Merit, *but,* even beyond all Expreſſion: *My laſt* Reaſon *was, that the World might be no longer impoſed upon by the* Scurilous *Wallography: And therefore cannot but tell the Author (if Living) or his Admirers (which with the Ignorant, are Numerous) that wrongs being always wrote in Marble, Viciſſitude of time can hardly ſcratch them out; the whole being a* Gallimauphry of Spleen and Rancor, *and an* Hodge-Podge of Falſhood and Ignorance, *or, as* Bays *has it,*

All Noiſe and Empty Pomp, a ſtorm of Words,
Lab'ring with ſound, that little Senſe affords.

Notwithſtanding, I know not but Wales *may be obliged to him, for, if* Contraria juxta ſe poſita magis Eluceſcunt, *be true, and* Madam Soe-ſoe, *eſteems it Policy, to have her Woman,* Mrs. Fulſome, *as a Foyl; It is evident,* Wales *ſuffers not a Diminution, by the Excurſion of a Scabby Pen: However, if it adds not to, it cannot ſubſtract from, that inherent worth, which is ſubſcribed to by all, that ever had the Happineſs of being there; for, as the Ingenious Mr.* Waller, *ſays,*

As when a ſort of Wolves infeſt the Night,
With their Wild Howlings, at fair *Cynthias* Light;

The

* *Wallography,* or a Journey into *Wales,* Publiſhed long ſince.

To the READER.

The Noise may chase sweet Slumber from our Eyes,
But *Never reach the Mistress of the Skyes.*

Wales *was called by the* Romans, Brittannia Secunda, *and an Impartial Itinerant, will Stagger at a Distinction* from the first; *For tho' in some Places Nature may seem to be Defective, in others She will appear more extravagantly Redundant: And I doubt not but every Domestick that has (with me) been over* Northumberland, Cumberland, VVestmoreland, *&c. will allow the Title of* Cambria Triumphans, *and add a* Second Part to the Panegyrick.

I can guess but at Two things more, *that require Satisfaction; The* First *is, that if the Persons and Places merit the Character, why did not one of them perform it: This is Answered by the* Roman Antiquities, *viz.* That the Conquerors at *Olympus* did not put on their Laurels on their own Heads, but waited till others did it. *The* Second *is, concerning the Merit of the* Brat. *As to this I shall only Subjoyn; that it is either good, or bad; If the* First, *I expect not, If the* Last, *I value not, your Censure; For in plain* English, *if the Persons in the Dedication, and Vindication, receive it favourably; I declare I think my Self above the Criticisms of others, and consequently shall meet their good or bad Opinion with Temper: For sure the World should not be angry with me, for being grateful, if I express it not in those Terms, that they imagine Suitable; since the* Intention, *and* Design, *is, or ought to be received, tho' the* Action *is not Crowned with the desired Success: And would therefore be very easy, if you cou'd reduce my Paper to its Original Raggs.*

*In fine; If the Civil Law determines a Nullity of those Marriages, except where the Woman knows the Infirmity of the Man, it follows, that the Libel ought to be *damn'd, for the Authors staying at Home.*

Ezekiel Polsted.

Dec. 20th. 1702.

* Uti vocant Typographi.

Cam-

Cambria Triumphans,

OR,

A Panegyrick

UPON

WALES.

I.

THE *Nume'rous Rhimers* of the Age
Some *Petty Muse* adore;
Or else the *Softer Goddesses* engage
T'assist them in their Pilgrimage,
They daily, thô in vain, implore:
But by the Magick of * *Orinda's* Name,

* *The inimitable Poetess of* Cardigan

Appollo with his *Sacred Quire*
Obſequiouſly retire;
No more their loaded Altars flame,
No more, th' obeying world, command.
But like their Statues ſtand:
The *Mighty Laureat* with his *Bluſhing Nine*
Their Pow'r reſign.
And with Luxuriant Pride, in her alone
[As th' all commanding one]
Repoſe Witts Treaſury, who therefore reigns
As the Infuſer of Diviner Strains:
Matchleſs *Orinda!* ſure no Common Earth
Could give thee Birth:
If once a Deniſon below
The Miracle to *Wales* we ow;
Which ſeems Triumphantly to ſit.
And govern the Monopoly of Wit:
As if for the chaſt Muſes Court deſign'd,
And from the gloomy foggs of other Earth refin'd:
Great Preſident of Verſe! Inſpire
With

With an Uncommon Fire,
Assist my trembling, tho unwearyed, Quill.
Descend with your Inventive Skill,
I'de dare with such a *Muse*, and *Subject* ev'n *Ap-*
pollos Quire.

II.

Oft has my busy Muse Survey'd
The giddy Multitude, in Vain,
Expecting an Inspired Brain,
From the Insulting Grape, which they've Immor-
tal made;
When only thence
They Suffocated are with *Fustian Eloquence:*
Hence *Bacchanalian Juice*
Which can but mean or common thoughts
produce;
Adieu ye *Drunke Gods of Wine*
Sottish Protector of the *Vine*,
And you insipid *Nectar*, which the *Gods*
Do hourly Quaff, in their admir'd aboads

If

If their *Divinity* could taſt
This Heav'n born Liquor, with a breathleſs haſt,
Jove with his *Train of Deities*
Would now abandon their Celeſtial Palaces,
And *Wales*, as th' abſtract of th' univers, would ſeize
When each *Pen-Feather'd Muſe*, can never fail
Of a propitious Gale,
If once inſpir'd with it's *Diviner Ale*.

III.

Tranſplanted Paradice!
Where our Inſtructed Eyes
May Surfeit with delight,
And Glut th' Imperious Appetite:
Where Tables groan with each Luxurious Diſh,
(The only Place that's worthy of a VViſh)
As if the Species of the whole Creation,
They now enjoy,
And would by their Exceſs deſtroy
Their

Their great Exiſtance with an Inundation:
Where wanton *Harps* do captivate the Ears,
Able to force the Envy of the Spheres,
Whoſe wel-tun'd Songs and graceful Dance
The Dulleſt Mortals muſt intrance,
And *Argus*, if their Harmony could hear,
Would quickly turn *Each Eye into an Ear:*
View but th' aſpiring Rocks whoſe Chalky heads
(do riſe
And front the Skyes,
A quick Obedience they command
From th'angry Sea, and make her Surges ſtand
To ſave the Flow'r Enamell'd Land.
Whilſt with an am'rous noiſe, her waves,
An equal Friend-ſhip craves,
Which being repell'd in Foam appears,
They ſcatter and diſolve themſelves in Tears
Theſe kiſs the Stars, and ſeem to Vie,
As if they meant t'extinguiſh **Heav'ns Reviving Eye*
Joy-

* The Sun.

Joyful *Elysium!* where *Parnassus* reigns
An *Helicon* each humble *Vale* contains,
The *First*, we know
To be on ev'ry *Hill*, the *last*, *below*.

IV.

The blund'ring Nine
Our unconceiving Poetasters call Divine,
And as unconquerable shine:
Descend Great *Phœbus* and confess
With what *Herculean Address*,
I did invoke your Art-less Train,
Yet could I scarce a *Grub-street Thought* obtain.
Art-less I came, and *Art-less* did remain;
But since our *Cambrian Orb* appear'd,
No more
Would I Implore
The Common Herd,
For now methinks I creep, methinks I write
In an Uncommon flight;

A-

Adieu ye *Trembling Nine* adieu,
For th' understanding Few
No more your Altars will attend,
No more your tott'ring Pow'r defend,
Your Num'rous Implorations End;
Your *Votarys* their *Homage* now decline
And you your Empire must to th' *British tenth* (resign.
Thus by a *Gen'ral Voice*
(What *God*, what *Mortal* dares deny the choice!)
Orinda, the *Aonian Mayes*, succeeds,
(Now sullen and in solitary weeds)
When with resounding Crys,
† Our *Epigrammatist* ascends the Skyes,
And Great *Appollo's* Abdicated Throne Supplies.

V.

Amazement Seiz'd the *Heliconian Crew*
Who with a frantick Rage
Which

† Owen Epigr: Jngen: Camb.

(Which doth a Tempeſt ev'n in Heav'n preſage)
They to th' * *Immortal Laureat* flew:
With Blubb'ring Eyes, diſhevell'd Hair,
Proſtrate, their *Pleuriſie of Griefs*, declare
And to great *Joves endeared Son*
They make the General Defection known:
The *God*, (for to a Deity
Sure nothing hid can be?)
Poſſeſs'd with reſtleſs fears,
With due attention hears,
Sighs, ſighs ſucceed,
And numerous Sobs with winged ſpeed
Lacquey each other, until Sorrow breaks
A Paſſage, and at once he ſighs, and ſpeaks.

VI.

" Ye Sov'raign *Goddeſſes of Verſe*
" Whoſe Glory reach'd as far

" As

* Apollo.

" As is the Arrick from th' Antarctik Star;
" Ev'n I, the *Poets Patron*, can't rehearſe
" Your juſt reſentments or my juſter grief,
" Which ſeem beyond relief:
" Diſſolve ye feeble Gods!
Diſſolve your glittering aboads!
" A *Mortal* 'gainſt th' *Immortal Gods* Rebel!
" *One Woman* the *Nine Goddeſſes* excel!
" Tell me * Great King of Gods! muſt I
" My glorious Soveraignty
(" Strange that a God the Torrent can't reſiſt!)
" And Pow'r reſign to th' Epigrammatiſt?
" *Mine was the Invention of the Charming Lyre*,
" *Sweet Notes and Heavenly Numbers inſpire*,
" And tho' withou my *Harp* I now remain,
" I in my *Bow* invincibly will reign.

VII.

Thus ſpake the *Quiv'ring God*, diſſolv'd in Tears,

* Jupiter.

He to his *Awful Sire* his Suit prefers:
Joves Ecchoing Thunder flys
Thrô ev'ry Cranny of the Skyes,
Which doth in *Heavn's White-hall*
A *General Council* call;
Each *Petty God* the Dreadful Summons hears.
Mars, the Celestial Blood-hound, comes
Surrounded with Shrill Trumpets, Kettle-drums;
Cornuted Vulcan limps along,
And *Brawny Hercules* fills up the Sacred throng;
In swift Destruction these agree,
And *Jove* proclaims Revenge with *Heav'ns Artillery*:
Artill'ry! which th' Astonish'd world awakes,
Which th' Earthly Globe, and th' Heavenly Arches shakes,
And ev'ry *God*, as the yielding *Spaniard*, Quakes;
For when th' affrighting Sounds do reach the Ear,
They fly, and think the all-destroying *Ormond* here.

VIII.

VIII.

* *Rodrick the Great*, the Reſolution hears,
Rodrick the Great, at th' Heavenly board appears;
Uncommon Rage, the *Hero* does poſſeſs,
Uncommon Fear, the *Deity* does ſeiz;
The *Grand Cabal*
(Which Fools *Almighty* call,)
Before the *Britiſh Conquerer* retire,
(The High and Mighty now we more Inſpire!)
The *Sacred Show*, as Fame reports,
Then Abdicated the Cœleſtial Courts,
The *Gods*, like Smoak diſperſt in Air,
In Ague fits now diſappear,
What Pen the Dire confuſion can deſcribe?
The *Cambrian Mars*, Diſſolves *the Heavenly Tribe*.

* Rodrick *Sir-named the Great, divided* Wales *in 3 parts among his Three Sons.*

IX.

Illuſtrious Souls! what Trophies would I bring
Could I in death-leſs *Io Peans* Sing?
But here, all *Oratory's dumb*,
The *Subject* is above *Elogium*;
Tis you ſtand foremoſt, in Fames Calander,
Who againſt *Heav'n*, Hoſtilities declare,
And Vanquiſh the great †*Deities of Wit and War.*
* Invading Nations fly
From th' all-commanding Enemy;
Your verdant Laurels never can decline,
No Conquerour could theſe ſubdue,
§ Or tame the *Mighty Few*,
Whoſe powerful Arms among the brigheſt (ſhine,
And *Albion* receives th' (") *Invincible* from you.

X.

* *They withſtood the* Saxons *when all others ſubmitted.*
† Jupiter *and* Apollo, *&c.*
§ Wales *never ſubmitted till they had a Prince of their own Blood*, viz. Henry 7.
(") Henry 5th *Born at* Monmouth.

X.

Nor stop here—— Religion you receiv'd,
And, in a Faithless world, believ'd;
Religion in her tatter'd dress,
You bouldly would caress;
Straggling, Dejected, and Forlorn,
And, of the Disbelieving World, the Ridicule and Scorn;
She, mighty She! her great *Asylum* found
With you, the Northern *Holy ground*,
You first took Arms in truths defence;
You first Protected wand'ring Innocence;
With you true Piety could Reign;
You did its Sacred Dictates entertain,
And joyfully received the *Glorious Train*:
You their most daring Enemies Expel;
The *Heaven-born-Hierarchy* first with the *Britons* dwell;
Blessed

* *Bishops in* Wales *before* England, *&c.*

Bleſſed Souls! that Heav'n Reciprocally give,
And Happineſs alternately beſtow!
Their Bliſs from You, You, Yours, from Them derive.
They give you *Heav'n above*, you give them *One below.*

XI.

Thus fix'd, the Gods their lofty Fanes forſake,
And, to unknown aboads, Themſelves betake;
And as from *Heav'n*
By your Almighty Pow'r They're driv'n,
So from your Paradice *Below*
They an Eternal Exile undergoe;
* At your Command the *Heav'nly Rovers* fly,
An Everlaſting Rout attends the Deity;
You throw Their gaſping Oracles away,
Whom all the world, as yet, obey
As far as *Phœbus* darts a ſmiling Ray;
Un-

* *They kept the Chriſtian Faith when all the reſt relapſed in Heatheniſm, and not in Secret, but in a well conſtituted Church, and had then 7 Biſhops.*

Unshrinking Souls! that durst *Religious ly Rebel*,
And *Beretynthia's Progeny* expel,
Who could not, thô all knowing, their own fate foretel.

XII.

* Nor yet
Will you Submit:
When th' *Hood-wink'd World*, could see no day
Romes Deprædations bore an Universal sway;
Unshrinking Souls! tis you alone
The Tyrany disown;
You lent a generous hand,
And th' crest-fall'n Age withstand.
† When an *Egyptian Darkness*, seiz'd the Age
You the Oppressing Shakles disengage;
By you the Gloomy Foggs disperse
That seiz'd the Universe;
You the *Almighty* [illegible] heard
Your

* *When* Austin *the Monk was made Arch-Bishop of* Canterbury, *he would have forced them to submit to the* Pope *as Supream head, they rejected it, when all others Submitted.* Stat. of *England*, &c.
† *They were the Earliest in the Reformation.* ibid.

Your *Goshen* doth with Lucid Days appear
And *Romes Arch-Flamin* you no more revere.

XIII.

Immoveable, thus, as the Poles, you reign;
With firm resolves, all Envious shocks sustain,
And *Truth*, by you made Glorious, entertain;
Her *First appearance* you receive,
And each despised Votary relieve;
Thus you, with Vigour, seize th' *Immortal Freight*,
And, as you Fix the Church, you Fix the State:
Albion the Fair, is by the grand Decree
(Then sure *Great Britain* it is part of thee!)
Not *Europe*, but the Worlds *Epitome*:
Illustrious Pair! (but who
Dares call you two?)
Which can my feeble Muse prefer.)
When your **Great Prince*, must be a *King* to her,
And † *Albions Glorious Train*, preceeded is by you?

XIV.

* *Prince of* Wales.
† *Lord* Abergavenny, *the first Baron in* England.

XIV.

Thus constituted, you are blest
Beyond the Treasures of the East;
You seem excepted from the *General Fall*,
While you retain your *Great Original*,
And only you
Yet keep your Lands, and Virtues too:
* No Supercilious Storms arise
You Scorn (the Darling of all Courts) Disguise;
Nor can a sullen or contracted Face
Appear; nor can You Murder with a kind Embrace;
But with a *Cherub Visage* which invites
And, while it Threatens, or Destroys, Delights;
Like Lightning, it admits no stay,
But in a Radiant Flash, doth rise, and Fly away,
Ere the Blind World perceives the day:
The Generous, and the Nobler Passion far,
Which when it doth begin, doth end, the War.

* *Soon Movid and Quickly Appeas'd, the Noblest and Best of Angers.* Camb.

XV.

Kindneſs is a Reſiſtleſs Charm,
Which all Reſentments doth Diſarm,
And this alone
Is Nature's great *Panpharmacon*,
And *Philoſophick Stone*;
Tis Sacred Friendſhip and Salute
Diſtinguiſh Mankind from the Brute,
Or elſe (to Summ up all)
Tis *Brittiſh and Seraphicall*:
For which I would Immortal Trophies bring,
And would, in never-Dying Lines, your Glory Sing
But my too Feeble *Muſe* can nothing raiſe,
And can, with all her Skill, but Liſp your Praiſe;
Yet Give her Lycence in Her beſt Attire,
Let her to Gratitude at leaſt Aſpire,
And, what ſhe cannot Comprehend, Admire.
But hold— the grateful Topick I reſign,
[Who ere Proclaim'd the Sun doth Shine?]
Ceaſe Giddy Muſe, no trembling Lines beſtow,

Fme

I'me Bankrupt in the lasting debt I owe,
Your Fame is *Canoniz'd*, and I but *Libel* You.

XVI.

* *Truth's Mighty Herald*, doth Proclaim
The lasting Fame
Of Streams, that in Meanders glide
With Supercilious Pride;
And with an Insolent Disdain
Their Christal Origine retain,
Against th' Insulting Tyde
Unmix'd they roll thrô the Ambitious Flood,
And reign transparent ôre th' invading Mudd;
Thus you your *Pristine Fame* preserve,
And from th' *Hereditary Glory* will not swerve:
Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no decay
Which you to your great *Progeny* convey,
Your Numerous Selves entire remain,
No giddy Innovations entertain,
And Absolute you in your *Lofty Language* Reign.

* Girald. Camb: Epise: *Says that a small River runs thrô* Belle *Pool unmix'd.*

XVII.

Nor are you leſs diſtinguiſh'd when deſire
Invites you to retire;
When you your *Earthly Paradice* forſake,
And, by a ſmall Divorce, ſome Forcign Jour-
(ney take,
[For th' Mighty * *Pan* an Emprick was
† And *Jove* refus'd not one of mortal Race]
Diſcriminating Characters
Attend you ore the Univerſe;
When Sols bright Chariot doth adorn
Th' enamel'd Skyes,
And Uſhers in the § Gaudy Morn,
You crown it with *Triumphant* ‖ *Liverys*
Theſe no Viciſſitude of time can fade,
Your Fame is Death-leſs, and Immortal made,
Whilſt we of Vulgar Strain, confeſs tis Juſt
To know th' uncommon, from the common duſt.

XVIII.

---

* *Earl of* Rochester, *was ſome time a Monnebank.*
† Jupiter *and* Danæ.
§ First *of* March.
‖ *Leeks.*

XVIII.

Th' *Insulting Saxons*, *Albion* first invade,
With Bloody Slaughters, Bloody Victims made;
Thus Flush'd, their Conquests they pursue
With Storms of Fury, they their Armies drew,
And in the *Cambrian Fields*, the Threatning Trum-
pets Blew,
The *Vigorous Few*, th' undaunted * *Bishop* leads,
The *Crosier*, Heav'n, the Sword, the Camp, invades,
By these Immortal Victory succeeds:
Ascending Air, the Clouds invest; His Shield
Bedeckt with Terror gains the Field;
The conquer'd, to th' Impetuous Victor, Yield.
Thus Importuning *Orisons* Disarm
And thus assisted by a *British Arm*
Must prove the *Greatest Good*, and *Greatest Harm*.

XIX.

§ Our *Roman Monsters*, Adoration claim;
† The *Macedonian Sott*, affects a *God-like-Name*
Im-

* David *Arch-Bishop of* Menevy, *or St.* Davids, *above* 60 *Years.*
§ Commodus, Caligula, Domitian &c.
† Alexander the Great.

Imperial Swine!
That once were held Divine;
Your Solemn *Hecatombs* are gone,
Gone are the Glories of your gloomy Reign,
Gone are your Laurels, and your Priests are mute
Your Temples boast not of the Num'rous slain,
Whose *Aweful Ruines* now no more remain:
Whilst you, detested, you are only known
By an *Hic Jacet of a Regal Brute*.
But thou, *Immortal Hero*, wilt survive
And Time (the All-devouring Cormorant) out-live
Triumphant Victor! all must grant
David the *Bishop*, *General*, *and Saint*
Of the *Church Militant*.
Successful Cæsar, truckles to your Name,
**You only*, came, and saw, and Overcame:
Thus *Churchill* keeps the Field,
When *Liege* and *Venlo* Yield,
Thus

* Veni, Vidi, Vici. Jul. Cæs.

Thus *William* tames the *Wild Hibernian* Crew
And *Boadicea*, thus, the Mighty *Romans* slew.†

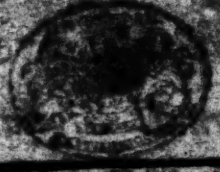
XX.

Welcome most Glorious Day!
May Sol thee Crown with an Uncommon Ray,
And be to Us an Everlasting *Epocha*;
March on *Undaunted Souls*, as your *Immortal Head*
Appeared, when th' *Heart-less Saxons* fled:
Advance your **Verdant Trophies* then, as heretofore
That *Venerable Prelate* went,
And those *Eternall Signals* wore
Which that *Triumphant Victory* does represent:
On then; and may the Sun refuse his Light,
And th' gladsome Day be turn'd to gloomy Night,
And may each Star
First prove irregular,
Before

† *A British Queen who Slew* 70000 Romans *in one Day.* Speed.

* Leeks, *which denotes the Victory aforesaid, over the* Saxons, *by the* Brittons, *wearing them by St.* Davids *Direction.*

Before your Pristine Vigor you abate,
Or once Degenerate;
May these *Great Heroes*, you their Progeny incite,
Which none but you can Act, which none but you can Write,
The Summ of Glory these include,
And as refulgent Stars of the First Magnitude,
You now in lofty Poesy would shine
If this had been Addressid by any Quill but mine.



FINIS.